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PUCK



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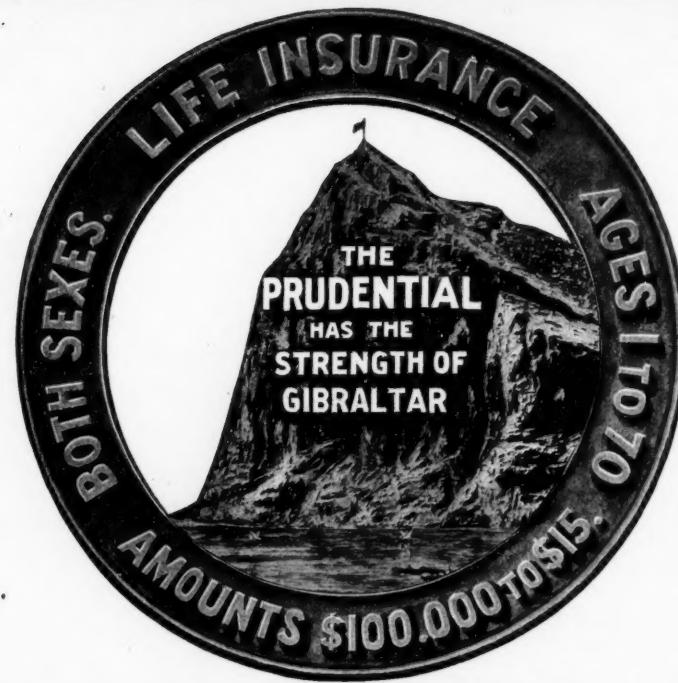
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REALIZATION of the advantages of minding his own business sometimes comes to a man most vividly while a raw beefsteak is being tied on his black eye.—Indianapolis News.

NOTHING much is ever expected of a man who has a patent on the brain.—Atchison Globe.

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are gracefully designed, soundly constructed, handsomely finished and are ridden with pleasure and profit by thousands of cyclists young and old.

Models for 1901, \$35.

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are low in price but excellent in quality and fully guaranteed.

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Hub or Tire Coaster Brake, \$5. extra.
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MODEL 73, our latest chain Columbia for women, \$50.

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"BICYCLING for women means increased health and strength and added pleasure in life." *

THE Columbia BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS BICYCLE

is especially desirable for women. The mechanism is operated with the minimum of effort and is always perfectly lubricated, always in order. There is nothing to restrict freedom of movement, nothing to catch or soil the clothing.

COL. WATTERSON thinks the Democracy needs a Moses. Its first and greatest need is a fumigation.—Washington Star.

THE BICYCLE AS A TONIC.

A broker, who was explaining his cycling enthusiasm to his friends, said :

"I took up wheeling as a fad, but I keep to it now as an all-round tonic—the best in the world. Funny about wheeling exercise, anyhow, d'ye know? It's good any way you take it, and it's good to take always. It reminds me of whiskey and the way drinking men use it. They take it in hot weather because they're warm; they take it in winter-time because cold; they take it when they're tired or feel blue; and they take it when they are in high spirits and want to celebrate, and claim that it always does them good. That, of course, is a delusion; but it is no fallacy that the bicycle can be used in the same seemingly contradictory way and always do you good. I go out in the morning before breakfast. The ride wakes me up, gets the blood to moving lively, gives me an appetite, and I go to the office with more snap and vigor about me than if I simply rode to it in a car. Now at night, when I feel all frayed out and too tired for anything, a ride on the wheel is refreshing. It seems paradoxical, but it is n't. My tiredness, like that of all business men, is largely a nervous weariness. If I go to bed I toss for long time before getting to sleep. If I go out on the wheel, though, I get my nerves quieted and get a new and different kind of tiredness—a physical, muscular tiredness that is wholesome and actually feels good. Then I go to bed and get a refreshing sleep, just like a baby or a day laborer. I think winter riding does me the most good, but a good sweating on the wheel on a hot day also does me good. I get the poison out of my system, and find that I stand the heat better than if I just lolled around. Now, that's practically the whole story of my devotion to the wheel. It is good any time; and if you will try it as I have indicated you will find it true and live longer."

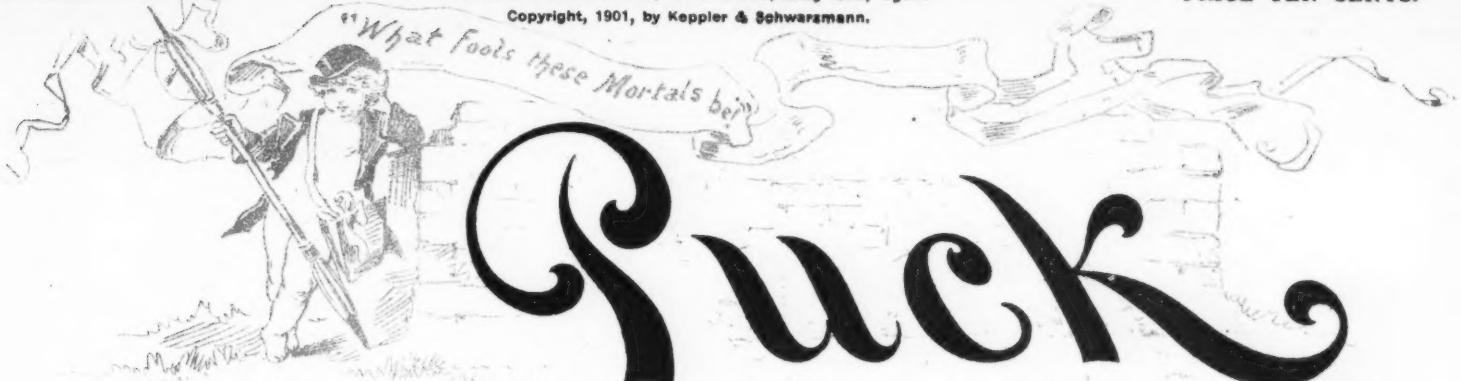
LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD
DIRECT ROUTE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
from the east, south and southeast. Through the "Switzerland of America."

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PUCK BUILDING, New York, May 8th, 1901.

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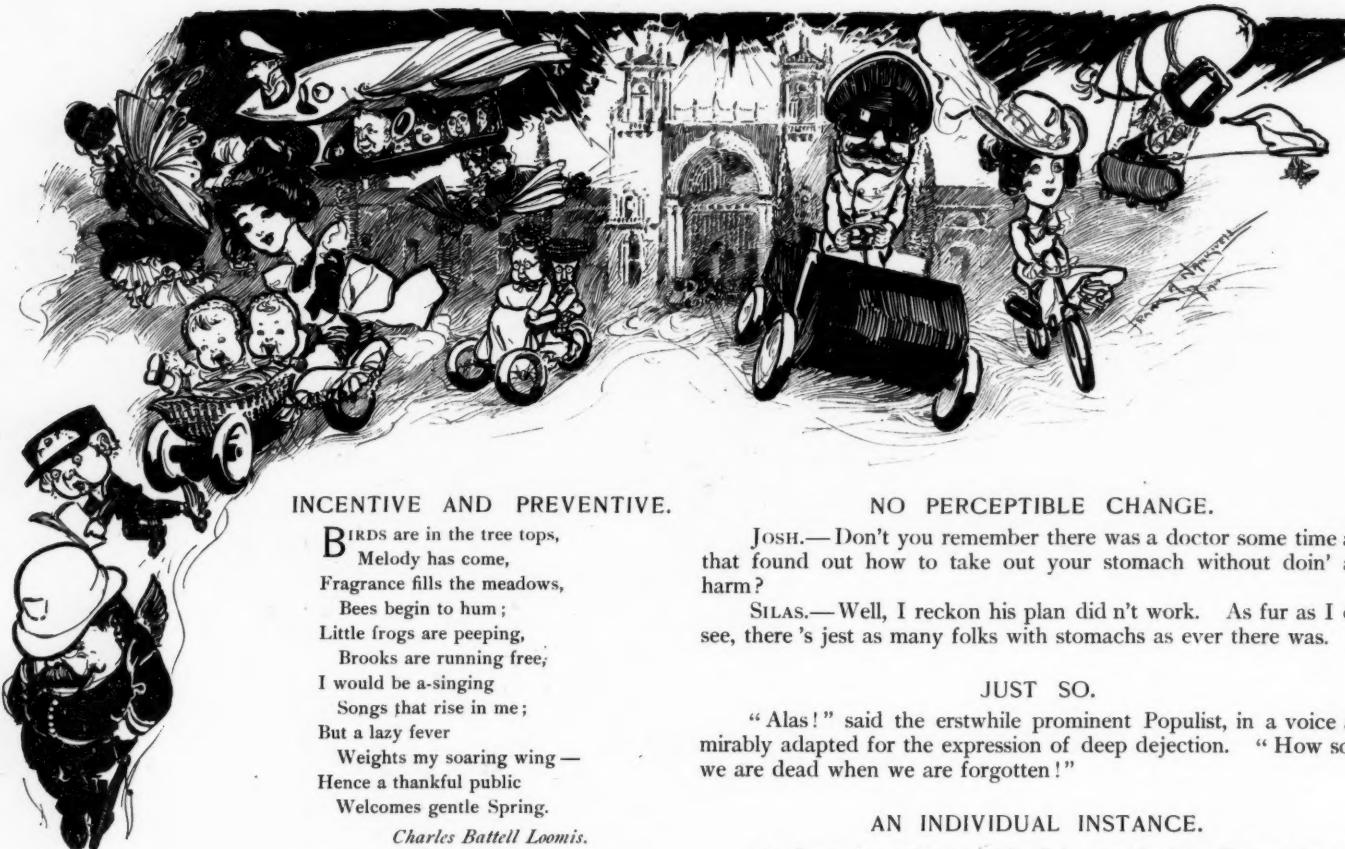


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"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO!"



INCENTIVE AND PREVENTIVE.

BIRDS are in the tree tops,
Melody has come,
Fragrance fills the meadows,
Bees begin to hum;
Little frogs are peeping,
Brooks are running free;
I would be a-singing
Songs that rise in me;
But a lazy fever
Weights my soaring wing—
Hence a thankful public
Welcomes gentle Spring.

Charles Battell Loomis.

INVENTION.

The great electrician laughed softly, as to himself.
"Yes," he finally replied, "it is a wonderful invention; just as I promised you!"

For several minutes we smoked in silence.

"Do you recall Mrs. Van Alstyle's last at home?" Teslison suddenly asked.

I recalled it very well, for I was there.

"Do you remember how everybody was fairly dazzled with the costliness of the affair?" continued the wizard of Bunco Heath. "Yes? Well, sir, it did n't cost \$100, all told! In fact, it cost no more than was necessary to instal one of my improved talking machines. Oh! It worked beautifully!"

"You did n't hear it? Of course not. Now, look here. I will describe my invention to you, briefly. I have discovered a new substance for taking phonographic records, which is extremely delicate. I put rolls made of this in my talking machine, and leave the machine in a bank vault over night. The result is an imperishable record of money talking. A machine with a ten-inch cylinder will convey, or, more properly, insinuate, the impression of the most lavish expenditure. The machine at Mrs. Van Alstyle's was an eight-inch, only, and you know what it did.

"The effect? Of course it will revolutionize society, and let comparatively poor people into circles hitherto exclusive. But, what care I?"

And Teslison snapped his fingers.

ACCOUNTING FOR HIS OPINION.

"And Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun?"

"Yes; but they did n't hold industrial expositions in Jerusalem!"

A VISIT to the Exposition will demonstrate that Buffalo is far from extinct.

NO PERCEPTIBLE CHANGE.

JOSH.—Don't you remember there was a doctor some time ago that found out how to take out your stomach without doin' any harm?

SILAS.—Well, I reckon his plan did n't work. As fur as I can see, there 's jest as many folks with stomachs as ever there was.

JUST SO.

"Alas!" said the erstwhile prominent Populist, in a voice admirably adapted for the expression of deep dejection. "How soon we are dead when we are forgotten!"

AN INDIVIDUAL INSTANCE.

"And are the residents of Buffalo proud of the Exposition?"

"Are they? Why, I heard one of them talking haughtily to a man from Chicago!"



A SAFE PLACE.

ALKALI IKE.—This is great! If any one pulled a gun on me in here, the chances are ten to his pluggin' my lookin'-glass likeness ter one of salivatin' me!

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PUCK

IN MAYTIME.



I.
SAW Priscilla cross ye fields
And o'er ye meade go straying;
So daintie was that Mayde to see
When she wente forthe a-Maying.

II.
Ah! Love awoke within mye breaste
That lovelie Springtime morning,
When such a winsome fairie stooode
Ye meadowlande adorning.

III.
"In soothe," I said, "I'll leave behynd
All earthlie care and sorrow;
I'll follow where Priscilla leades,
And I some joy will borrow."

IV.
So o'er ye fields, bedecked with buds,
I hastened on in gladness;
I lefte my toile in village shop
In companie with sadness.

V.
At length I founde ye lovelie Lass,
Far from ye towne-folke straying;
Methought she 'd crost ye hillside sweete
Simplie to go a-Maying.

VI.
Alack! Alas! How wronge was I!
I had not known mye Ladie!—
Instead, I founde her with a Lad
Beneathe a green tree shadie!

VII.
And there they sate and dreamed of Love,
Nor cared one whit for flowers;
But, Oh! For them how must have sped
Ye slowe and languorous hours!

VIII.
Ye Moral is to all quite plaine:
When Maydens and young Misses
Appear to go for daffodils
They may be out for kisses!

Charles Hanson Towne.

PROSPERITY SPOILS nobody who uses it properly.

A COMMON TENDENCY to make short stories long causes more yawns than any amount of lost sleep.



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HER OBJECTION.

AUNT HETTY.—I don't care so much for these new-fangled fancy foods.

UNCLE JOSH.—They taste all right, by gosh!

AUNT HETTY.—Yes; but they're so easy to prepare that there's no credit cookin' 'em.

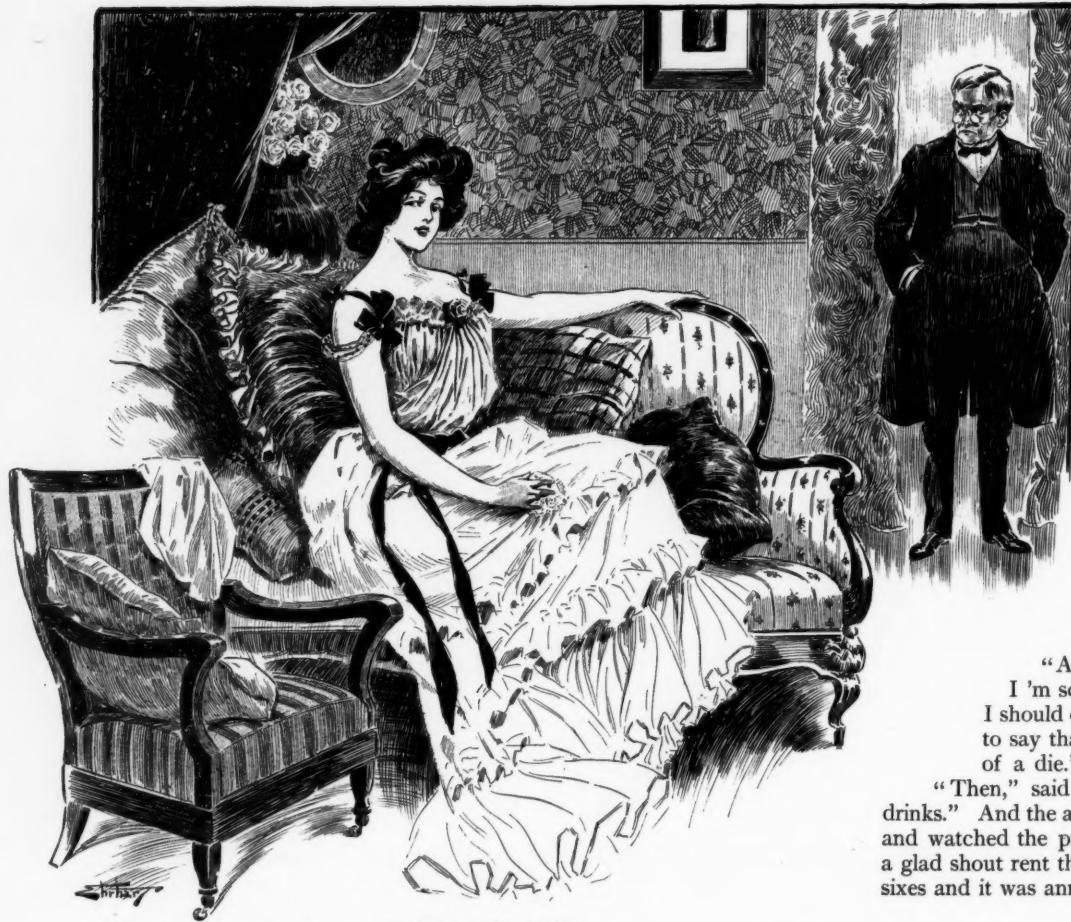
OUR NOTION of an ill-favored boy is a boy whose hair falls naturally in golden ringlets upon his shoulders and whose grandmothers both live until he is thirty.



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AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

"I'm so glad we came to the Indian village. And the Indians are so picturesque!"
"Yes—in pictures!"



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SURE OF HIM.

PAPA.—He has n't proposed yet, has he?
SHE.—No; but he will the first time he is n't interrupted.

THE TORNADO GOLD MINE.

JOE PORTER and Colonel Bill Blake had been comrades for years. They had their ups and downs, but at last they found themselves in possession of the extensive property known as the Tornado Gold Mine of Arizona. The value of the property had been variously estimated. Some experts placed it as high as five hundred thousand dollars, and as they were trying to sell it, on a liberal commission, to Eastern capitalists, it is to be presumed that they knew what they were talking about. Be this as it may, it is certain that Joe Porter and Colonel Bill Blake were better off than they had been for some time.

But, after years of cordial companionship, a disagreement arose between them and they determined to settle their affairs and dissolve their partnership. On an appointed evening they met, surrounded by a crowd of horny-handed miners, to discuss the terms of settlement. The principal question, of course, was, which was to retain the ownership of the Tornado Gold Mine? Colonel Bill Blake thought the bowie knife would furnish the most complete and satisfactory solution of that problem.

The bowie knife method of terminating business connections was quite satisfactory to Joe Porter. However, he had lately heard of another plan which it might be desirable to substitute. Suppose they

should throw dice for the Tornado Mine? He had observed—in the newspapers—a growing tendency to dispose of Western property in that way, and he supposed they wanted to follow the latest and most approved business methods. (It will be observed that the Western dialect has been carefully extracted from this conversation for the convenience of all concerned.)

Colonel Bill Blake was willing to throw dice. He was an easy-going chap, and it took but a moderate quantity of gore to satisfy his most sanguinary expectations. But, was it not customary, he asked, for one of the parties to make a cash offer before the throw? Joe Porter believed it was.

"Then," said Colonel Bill, "I'll give you a hundred and twenty-five dollars down and I'll pledge you my word that if I ever get a company organized to work the goldarned Tornado Gold Mine, I'll see that you get two million dollars' worth of the stock."

"Agreed," said Joe Porter, promptly. "Still, I'm sorry we're not going to throw dice. If I should ever go back to the East, I'd be ashamed to say that I never staked my fortune on the cast of a die."

"Then," said Colonel Bill, "let us throw dice—for drinks." And the assembled miners crowded eagerly around and watched the proceedings with renewed interest. And a glad shout rent the heavens when Colonel Bill threw three sixes and it was announced that the drinks were on Joe.

WHEN SOME men start out to make money they don't care much what kind of material they use.



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THE ALTERNATIVE.

LEVY (sobbing).—Ach! Dis money I had safed for my wife to go to ter Puffalo Exposition!
ROBBER (grimly).—Well, hand it over blame quick, or she'll go on your life-insurance!

PUCK

THE "EASY" PUBLIC.

FIRST THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Don't you think we would better raise the price of seats?

SECOND THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Why, it was n't so very long ago that two dollars was thought a high price.

FIRST THEATRICAL MANAGER.—I know it; but now they are so used to being robbed that they won't mind it.



A COMFORTING REFLECTION.

SHE.—Goodness! They say the dry goods stores are going to combine!

HE.—Don't worry! They can't expect to do any dry goods business unless they continue to sell everything below cost.

WHY THEY DISAGREED.

TOURIST (*in Western town*).—And after being out thirty-six hours the jury could n't arrive at a verdict? Great Scott! What was the cause of the disagreement?

DISCHARGED JUROR.—Why, one feller lost about fifteen plunks in a poker game, an' got sore over it!

A SUDDEN INSPIRATION.

MISS FADDINGTON.—Goodness! How often I have read that the tenants of the large apartment houses are absolute strangers to one another!

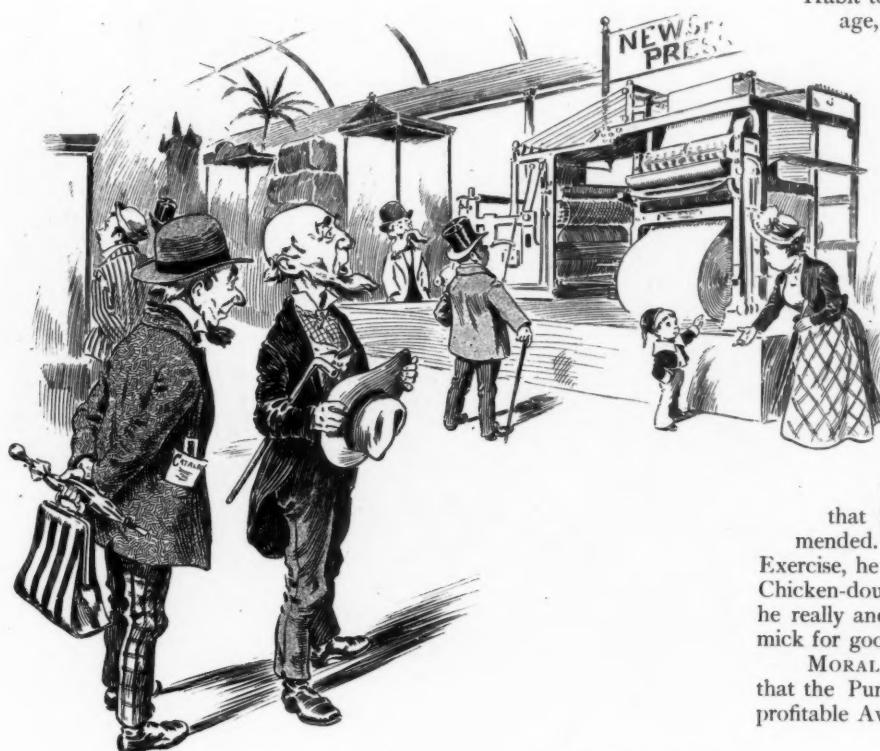
HER FRIEND.—Well?

MISS FADDINGTON.—And I never thought of organizing a movement to introduce them to one another!

IN DOUBT.

"Have you read this book?"

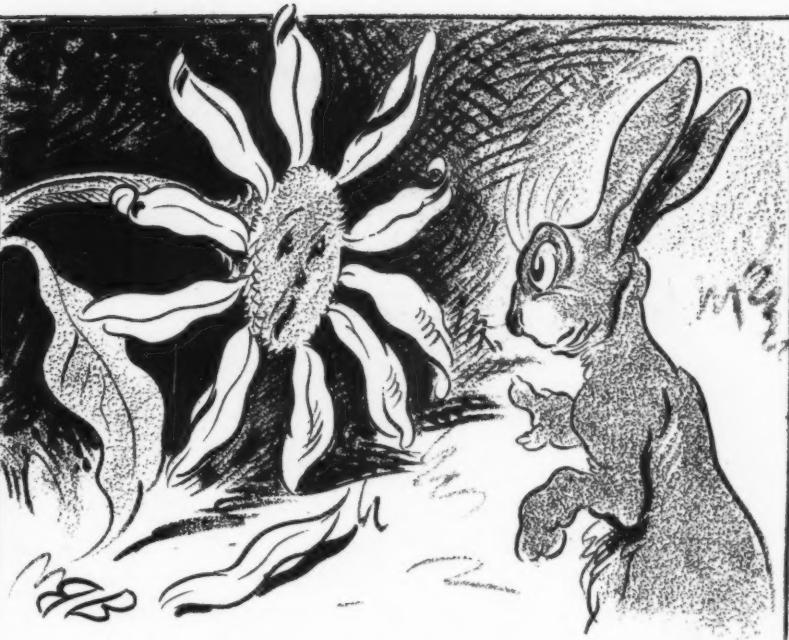
"Not yet. I was n't sure whether it had had a large enough sale to be read."



ALMOST INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

JOSH.—I tell you, them newspaper presses is wonderful!

HIRAM.—You bet! You kin begin to understand how they kin git out the news before it happens.



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THE RABBIT (*to the Sunflower*).—Seems to me you have more than your share of ears!

HIS INTERPRETATION.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a Time, a lank, anaemic Agriculturist, with a redundant Adam's-apple and protruding Knees, consulted a Physician in regard to his Case and was directed to eschew for a Season all Sweets and Pastry, including the seal-brown Molasses in which he was wont to wallop his Flapjacks of a Morning, and the tempting but well-nigh suicidal Pumpkin-pies which it had been his Habit to indulge in as a Beverage, so to express it, and to take plenty of Exercise in other ways than discussing Politics, and confine himself to a diet of Animal Foods.

After paying what was due, the Farmer went on his Way, credulously believing that Doctors know more than Common Folks; but, a few Weeks later, he returned in a decidedly pessimistic frame of Mind to prove to the Physician Ocular Demonstration that his health was in no wise mended. He had faithfully followed the Directions as to Exercise, he said; but declared that while the Corn and Oats and Chicken-dough had not peared to injure him to any great Extent, he really and truly believed the Timothy Hay had upset his Stomick for good and all.

MORAL.—From this we should Learn that it is small wonder that the Purveying of Gold Bricks continues to be a pleasant and profitable Avocation.

ONE OF THEM.

MRS. HASHLEY.—Your friend was at the Exposition? I suppose he saw many rare and curious things?

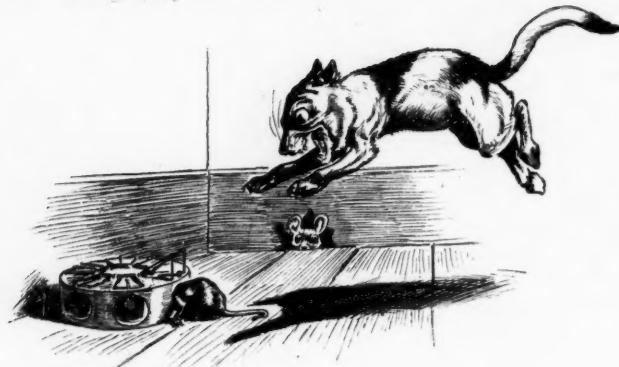
THE BOARDER.—Yes, Ma'am. He says he had an excellent cup of coffee.



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A FEW PAN-AMERICANS.
(Culinary Department.)

A FELINE FOOZLE.



PUSS.—Ha! Mouse in the trap! (Swish.)



PA MOUSE.—And there are others!—Come out, children, and see the tambourine solo!

A COLONIAL TALE.



HUT IN a rudely-constructed cabin that scarcely sheltered its occupants from the biting blasts which swept the bleak coasts of Massachusetts, sat two Puritans one night in the Winter of 16—. It was the coldest night within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; yet these godly men were not talking about the weather.

“Rum!” exclaimed one of them. “It is that accursed rum which the Dutch traders sell them, that puts fire in the hearts and brains of the redskins and sends them forth to smite our peaceful villages even as the angel of destruction smote Sennacherib!”

“Yea, it is true,” assented his companion.

“And yet, methinks I have found an antidote for this damnable liquid. From roots and herbs I have concocted a potion which, I verily believe, will cause him who tastes it to lose his appetite for liquor.

Would that I could make the experiment! Yet how experiment when our people do not drink? And how may a redskin be induced to try the cure?

“Were it not a meritorious act,” suggested his companion, “to waylay and carry off some Indian and force the potion down his throat? Would not such a one, after the appetite for liquor had been destroyed, would he not go back to his people rejoicing and spread the glad tidings of his deliverance? And would not his fellows hasten eagerly to quaff the cure? I wot they would.”

* * *
The next day a peaceful and temporarily sober Indian was seized and bound and carried off to a lonely hut. For several days the potion was administered and his taste for rum vanished. And he was permitted to return to his people.

* * *
The tribesmen could scarcely forbear to shout for joy when they beheld their brother. However, they remembered their proverbial stoicism and endeavored to treat the matter with icy indifference. But when he told them of the indignities to which he had been subjected—how he had been seized and bound and treated for alcoholism and that rum had no further attraction for him, their indignation nearly mastered them. But again they remembered their stoicism and suppressed their emotion. They could scarcely believe, however, that any man could lose his appetite for liquor. To

test the matter they brought him a bottle of rum. Mournfully he waved it away and burst into tears.

And they danced a war dance and swore to have revenge.

In the attack on the settlement the two Puritans were scalped and the Indian who could n’t drink was shot through the heart. He fell with a smile on his lips for he fully believed that his appetite would be restored in the Happy Hunting Grounds.



A FAR-SEEING BOY.

LITTLE WILLY BYKERR.—Who brought the baby, Auntie?

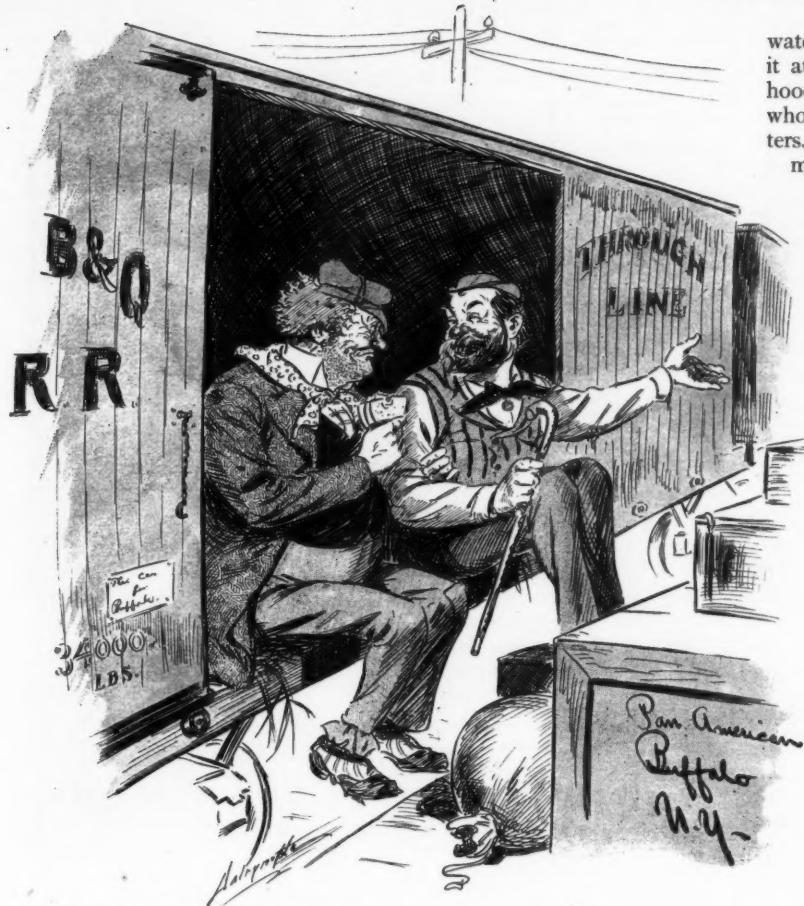
AUNTIE.—Doctor Jones, dear!

LITTLE WILLY.—Well, you’d better not forget his address.

AUNTIE.—And why, Willy?

LITTLE WILLY.—’Cause if the kid ever breaks an arm or a leg we’ll have to get new parts for him, won’t we?

PUCK



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HAD CONSULTED THE TIME TABLE.

FIRST TRAMP.—So yev made up yer mind to take in de Buffler Exposition, have yer?
SECOND TRAMP.—I guess so. Me freight train leaves to-morrer afternoon at five-forty.

THE CORNETIST.

HE LIVED in a humble neighborhood, but how he supported himself none of the neighbors knew. All they did know was that he played the cornet at all hours. They assumed that he played it badly. Those who were given to profanity felt it their duty to swear at him.

He seemed to have three favorite selections. Two appeared to be of a highly classical nature, and they were cordially detested by nearly everybody who could distinguish them. The third was a simple melody—a popular song which had not lost its popularity in twenty years. It came near losing it in that vicinity.

But it is a long lane that has no turning. The cornetist disappeared. What became of him, nobody knew and nobody cared.

Two years later, there was a music festival at a nearby

watering-place. It was a great success. Among those whose presence it attracted was a small pleasure party from the humble neighborhood in which the cornetist had lived, including some of the citizens who were given to occasional profanity, and their wives and daughters. They enjoyed the music very much. They enjoyed nothing more than a cornet solo by the cornetist who used to live in their neighborhood. He appeared under a name they had never heard before. They did not recognize him in a dress suit. He played one of his classical favorites with all the instrumental pyrotechnics they had once felt themselves called upon to curse. He was not satisfied with his own performance; but they were. He thought he had played it much better in the solitude of his former home; but they did not know it was an old acquaintance, and they encored it enthusiastically. He played the second classical selection and scored another success. And then he played that old popular melody, and if there was any lingering antipathy to it in the minds of his old neighbors, he extinguished that antipathy forever.

EXCUSABLE.

FIRST SHEEP.—But the young folks are so giddy and thoughtless! They don't consider the future!

SECOND SHEEP.—Oh! well, my dear, you can't expect a young lamb to spend all its time thinking of roast mutton!

A DANGEROUS PERSON.

LANDLORD PETTYVILLE TAVERN.—A feller that claimed to be a side show glass-eater was arrested here last week.

DRUMMER.—On what charge?

LANDLORD PETTYVILLE TAVERN.—Wa-al, so many people here live in glass houses that the sheriff thought he was n't a safe person to be permitted to run at large.

NO DANGER.

FRIEND.—But when you persist in trying to sell a man what he does n't want, is n't he apt to say something to hurt your feelings?

DRUMMER.—Oh! I have n't any feelings during business hours!

MORE THAN ONE.

FIRST THEOSOPHIST.—You should n't miss the Buffalo Exposition. It's the opportunity of a lifetime.

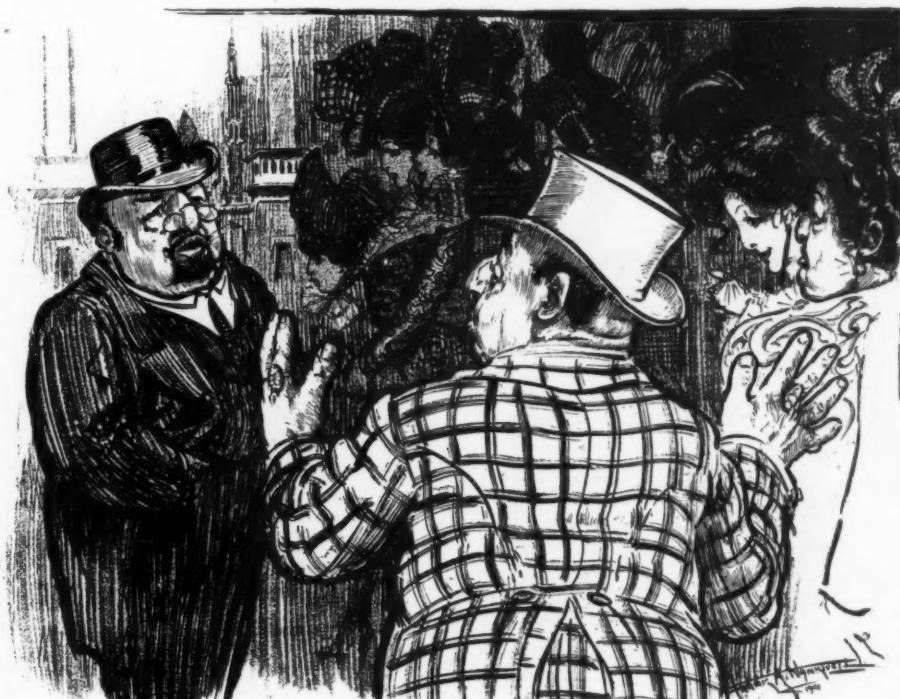
SECOND THEOSOPHIST.—Oh, yes; but there will be other lifetimes.

SHORT TERM, USUALLY.

TOURIST.—How long does the sheriff hold office in this county?

NATIVE (of Bloody Gulch).—Just as long as he continues to draw first.

TRYING TO make this workaday world a loafaday world has kept many a man from ever being able to retire on his income.



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AT BUFFALO.

COHENSTEIN.—Haff you any'ing on exhbition here, Isaacs?

ISAACS.—Vell, dere vas my vife undt six taughters simbly govered mit tiamonts, eh!



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WISE GUYS.

YOUNG JASON (at the Pan-American).—There's the Aggycultural Buildin', Josh. Let's take a peek in!

YOUNG JOSHUA.—'Sh! Do you want people ter take us fer farmers? Come on over to the Midway ag'in.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

"What did you think of the Buffalo Exposition?" asked his friend.

"Extremely interesting," said Professor Digger, the eminent antiquarian. "Unexpectedly interesting, when you consider that the things exhibited are chiefly brand-new!"

WAGNER.

"Which of Wagner's operas did you hear?"

"The—er—Gos herdarnrung, I b'lieve 't was!" replied good old Deacon Silas Seabury, who was just home from York.

IT IS HARD, sometimes, to get our conscience to take a practical, common-sense view of our actions.

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MRS. HARDACRE.—Yes; I'll give you a nice, big boiled meat dinner if you'll turn this churn till the butter comes.

JUST IN HIS LINE.



DROWSY DOBBINS.—Say! dat boiled dinner is hard to lose, but turnin' dis crank ain't no cinch. I was never made ter work wid me hands.

CONSIDERATE.

AUNTIE.—And this is the doll you like best?

GRACIE.—Yes, Auntie; but I would n't let the others hear me say so.

"What was the verdict?" inquired the washing-machine agent.

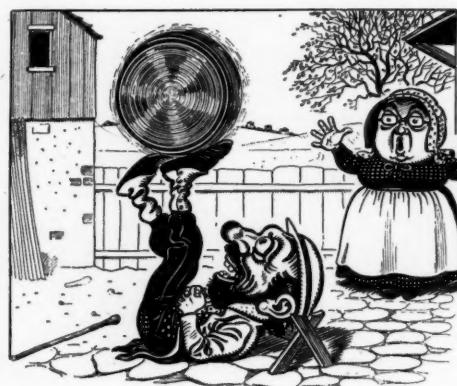
"Oh! They decided in favor of twins."

IT IS a good deal easier to become a hero than to stay one.

NOT UNTIL a man gets in the hole does it begin to appear definitely what kind of a peg he is.



"I kin never forgit de days I traveled wid Barnum."



"Den I was a knee pluss ultry at dis business."



"Every one to his trade, I says, lady. Dere's yer butter come sound and sweet. Now fer de nice, big boiled meat dinner!"



A TROJAN EPISODE.

"Oh! Woe is me!" cried Cassandra. "Woe is me!" "Cassandra," remonstrated her brother, Hector, "you make me tired! Why can't you take a day off and be cheerful? You're enough to give the whole army the blues."

But Cassandra would not be comforted.

"Woe is me!" she cried again. "Woe is me! Troy will be destroyed! Woe is me! We'll all be killed!"

"Well, we can't live forever, you know," suggested Hector, gently.

"Oh! I know! But woe is me! Troy will be destroyed and we'll all be killed, and these people say I'm crazy—alas and alack! I won't even live long enough to say, 'I told you so!'"

And as Hector buckled on his armor and went forth to the fray, he thanked the gods that his wife, Andromache—although she had peculiarities of her own—was not troubled like his sister, Cassandra.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

BUFFALO "AT HOME." PUCK PUTS on extra frills this week in courtesy to the Buffalo Exposition. So effective a blend of daring, energy, liberality and artistic finesse appeared to call for a special tribute to the American genius. For, while the result is named "Pan-American" all credit for it goes to the America; and, more intimately, to the very alive persons inhabiting that portion of its area described as Buffalo.

* * *

The requirements for an Exposition of this sort seem to be two: public spirit and a proper excuse. The latter is never hard to find. The former is found sometimes in all places, and perhaps at all times in some places. In these full and hurried days it is not to be supposed that any one remembers as far back as 1876; but no farther back than 1893 Chicago outdid New York in her display of public spirit, and New York ought now to take an elder-sisterly pride in the effort of Buffalo to vie with Chicago. The financial outlay in these affairs is of itself no mean test of a city's public spirit. When the Buffalo Fair is opened, for example, we shall be privileged to observe just how much beauty may be massed upon three hundred and fifty acres of ground for ten million dollars.

* * *

Yet this is not the most exacting test of the public spirit. Money can often be had where it is impossible to get interest and actual work and intelligent coöperation. The money having been secured, there was still need for public spirit in the matter of its expenditure; to say nothing of wisdom and the sane eye for beauty. From all we can learn by reading and looking at pictures, these requirements have been nobly met at Buffalo. For this six-months' festival, which is a sort of birthday for the new century, there has been provided "such a scene as eyes ne'er saw before, whose majesty and beauty shall eclipse all former undertakings." We rescue this fragment from an official prospectus and cordially commend the spirit of it. It is undoubtedly temperate and entirely trustworthy. Nothing that architecture could do for the scene appears to have been omitted. There are gems of it devoted to the fine arts, electricity, horticulture, transportation, manufactures and the liberal arts, agriculture, forestry, mines, machinery, and all those things that sound so dry and are really so fascinating when you see them. Then there is a music temple, and a stadium, and a spectacular "Midway" where the sun-kissed children of the Orient will display their strange, diverting and oft-times frivolous customs to our sober Western gaze. Also there will be a myriad of those institutions which cultivate the liberal art of giving up by subtly combining light entertainment with heavy instruction,—such as, again quoting from the official prospectus, "the Cineograph, War Cyclorama, Incubators, Panopticon, Spectatorium, Jerusalem on the morning of the Crucifixion, Pabst on the Midway, and other attractions affording a great variety of innocent diversion." It will be observed that not one in the entire gamut of human needs should here remain unsatisfied. There will, in short, be ample and agreeable opportunities to study all the cultures, from that of animal food to spiritual beauty, and to observe in all of its bewildering manifestations the genius that has set Niagara Falls to work making electric light and buttons and biscuit and other useful articles.

* * *

And this show will do much more than appease the appetite for spectacles. In fact, its professed intention is to make known

the products and to stimulate trade among the countries of the Western hemisphere. It was a timely notion. We have extended our trade horizon to include the Antipodes, but we have not yet secured the trade of our nearest neighbors. Central and South America still find reasons for going elsewhere to do most of their shopping. The weightiest of these reasons have to do with a certain protective tariff, and the disposition of them must await the enlightenment of a certain majority of the voters,—a condition happily promising for the near future. The other reasons, or the most of them, will doubtless be vastly reduced in potency by the better knowledge of our products to be obtained at Buffalo. Incidentally we shall become better acquainted with the resources of our own island possessions, and give their people, perhaps, a more favorable view of their relationship to us than they have thus far been able to gather.

* * *

The passenger agents of the various railroads are already taking a genial and helpful interest in the promotion of attendance at the Exposition; and, since this is a year of genuine prosperity, a very large number of us should reach Buffalo during the next six months: enough to secure that city a fair return for its money-outlay, and to make this "moving picture" of the Americas a memorable production.

DIFFERENT WARS.

HOULIHAN.—Phwat 's th' latest news frum th' sate av war, Jawn?

CONLEY (with paper).—Gineral MacArthur has imported another war corrispondint; Dewit has uncornered himself wanst more; Rooshia has committed wan more Lyin' Sin; Carrie Nation's bondsmin are demandin' more pay an' shorter hours; an' th' Whoite Rats are shill atin' loonch-counter cheese.

PINNING HIM DOWN.

THE RULER.—What we are now seeking is peace with honor.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.—How much indemnity does that mean?

HIS MATURE OPINION.

"So your ambition has been gratified?" said his friend.

"Oh! I don't know," replied the Hon. Mr. Miningcamp. "It's true I've got my seat in the Senate, but, between you and me, the whole darned show ain't worth the price of admission!"

EASILY UNDERSTOOD.

FIRST CHINAMAN.—Let's see! The Christians have a text about turning the other when struck on one cheek.

SECOND CHINAMAN.—I don't doubt it. Anything to increase the indemnity!

MANY ELIMINATED.

"Still, these troubles in China will facilitate the work of the missionaries."

"How?"

"Why, there won't be nearly so many heathens to convert."

MR. BRYAN, no doubt, believes that the *Commoner* is being run as the organ of the next Administration.

THE CAUSE OF THE BOERS might not be hopeless if they could provide John Bull with a decent excuse for letting go.



PUCKOGRAPHS.—No. 103.

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE WHEELS GO ROUND AT THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION.

PUC



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PAN-AMER

PUCK.



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PAN-AMERICA.

PUCK

DISTRIBUTION.

"I've noticed that Providence sawter deestribits things, arter all!" mused the village philosopher. "Ther's Hi Tibbetts, f'rinstance. Hi's got 'bout the droppin'est th'mometer in town, an' p'raps you know, consequentially, Hi's the hull thing in Winter. Thirty b'low zero ain't 't all uncommon over tew Hi's place. But when it comes Summer, Hi's 'way at the tail of the per-cession. His old th'mometer never hit higher'n eighty-five in the world, I guess. As I was sayin', the favors is deestribited, sawter! M'yeah!"

IDLE SPECULATION.

HIS FRIEND.—It is said that if all the mountains of the earth were leveled the average height of the land would rise nearly two hundred and fifty feet.

THE PRACTICAL MAN.—What's the use of bothering about that? They're not going to be leveled.



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EXCUSABLE.

HIS FATHER.—What is all the excitement about? Because that plant is coming up?

HIS WIFE.—Well, you know, it's the only thing he planted that did n't stay down!

THE MANAGER.—That should not be difficult.
THE PLAYWRIGHT.—But there is already a girl from pretty much everywhere!

SURE TO, THEN.

SHE.—The girl Jack Gayleigh married thinks she is pretty.

HE.—Well, she will find out her mistake when her money is gone.

JUST SO.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is pessimism?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Dyspepsia of the mind, my son.

IT IS even better to hide your light under a bushel than to have it puffed out by undue exposure.

BY SOME it is thought that Eve ate the apple in order to wear clothes, and tempted Adam to eat in order to have a man-tailor to make them.



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AT THE OSTRICH FARM.

MR. RURAL.—Gosh! I thought I had the tallest Shanghai rooster in York State; but he's only a bantam 'longside o' that fowl!

A FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

FIRST BOSTON BABY.—What's your name?

SECOND BOSTON BABY.—I don't know yet;—they still talk baby-talk to me.

PURE CARELESSNESS.

MR. FISKUFF (after conversing with neighbor).—Johnny, whose fault was it that Tommy Tiffin got a black eye?

JOHNNY FISKUFF.—

His own.

MR. FISKUFF (very deliberately).—Are you sure, now?

JOHNNY FISKUFF.—Dead-sure! Why, he left an opening you could drive a band-wagon through!

DON'T NEGLECT to lay something by for a rainy day just because the forecast promises fair weather.

IT IS somewhat curious how a man who is a law unto himself manages still to retain so much respect for himself.

SO LONG as there is jury duty to be avoided, our business men of the better class are not likely to be wholly devoid of conscientious scruples.



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IN ARCADIA.

All Arcadia was *En Fête*.

From every corner of Sylvan Dell came Dryads, dancing to the flute-like tones of the pipes of Pan.

Round and about they whirled, hither and yon, in and out among the tall ferns and the grasses.

Higher and shriller rose the sound of the pipes until—in a very ecstasy of musical crescendo—a number of the delicate reeds burst and the dancing abruptly ceased.

"—However," said Pan to a Satyr, "it will in no way interfere with the success of the entertainment, for I will continue to perform on the broken pipes, and thus seize the opportunity to create rag-time, although it is not due for several centuries!"

In less time than it takes to tell it, hundreds of nymphs and fauns were delightedly cake-walking to the strains of "Mah Honey Chile."

PUCK

THE MARBLE SIGN.

THE MARTINS chatter from their box
And in my ear soft drones the hum
Of working bees, and Red Head knocks
His noisy greeting on the posts;
The cherry trees are white as ghosts,
The blooming lilacs shed perfume
Across the lawn into the room,
As in their branches Robin rocks;
Yet I'm not sure that Spring has come.

But when I see the urchins kneel
Out yonder in that sunlit place
While one a mark draws with his heel
And from an old tobacco-bag
Extracts his taw and makes a "lag,"
And when I hear the war of words
That scares afar the singing birds,
"I'm dubs!" "Hain't *nuther*!" — then I feel
Spring has arrived with all her grace.

Ellsworth Kelley.

HIS PRIDE HAD A FALL.

THE INVENTOR. — Then, fortunately, the air ship
caught on a tree and my life was saved!

FRIEND. — I can imagine how you felt when you were
falling.

THE INVENTOR. — I never felt so mortified in my life!

THE WORST.

"An Oirish Anglomaniac is about the *woorst* iver, Oi dunno!"

"Roight fer yez! Wan av dthem fellies wit' dthe map av Oir-
land an dthe face av him, an' dthe map av England in his desayful
hear-rt!"

HASTY.

THE COUNT. — If I had only
waited, I could have se-
cured a much richer girl.

HIS FRIEND. — Well, you
always were impulsive.



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HER' OPINION.

HE. — Golf is n't so easy as it looks.

SHE. — Why, no! To a beginner it is merely a combination of
pedestrianism and foozling.



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AN OBSERVING INFANT.

"Well, he likes me an' he won't let nobody else mind him."

"Of course not. He knows you're a good thing!"

HIS EXTENSIVE PROGRAMME.

"My idea," said the ambitious young author, "is to write a
historical novel."

"Yes?"

"And, of course, a magazine article showing how I came to
write the historical novel."

"Yes?"

"Then to dramatize the historical
novel."

"Yes?"

"Then to write a magazine article
showing how I came to dramatize the
historical novel."

"Yes?"

"Then to dramatize the magazine
article."

"Ah!"

"And to write a magazine
article showing how I
came to dramatize the
other magazine article."

"Good!"

"Then to dramatize
the second magazine
article."

"Excellent! Excellent!"

"And then to write—"

"Oh! I understand the
scheme! Fine programme
— if the public will stand
for it!"



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A PLEASING SPECTACLE.

THE GOAT. — Ah! If there's one
thing I enjoy more than another
it's an involuntary acrobat!

REMARKABLE.

BRIGGS. — That doctor is certainly a wonderful
physician! This medicine of his cured me.

GRIGGS. — Is that all he gave you?

BRIGGS. — Yes. Told me to take ten drops after
each meal, give up my business for two months and
live in the open air. Now, look at me!

STRENGTH TO RESIST.

"Do you take a Spring tonic?"

"Yes. I generally take half-a-bottle, so I can get braced
up to tell my wife I won't take another drop."

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom
5th Ave., cor. 23d St. in Greater New
York.

THERE is something uncanny about a
boy who can save money.—*Atchison Globe.*

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



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CAPITAL NEEDED.

"If you had all the money you've thrown away playing policy!"
"Yes 'm; I wisht I had! I done dreamed free numbers las' night."

UNEASY lies the head that hives a Presidential bee.—*Washington Post.*

Vigorous energy, follows closely upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get them from your druggist or grocer. Refuse substitutes.

A GOOD complexion, like good manners, should come from within.—*Good Cheer.*

Indispensable

as a tonic stimulant



Hunter Baltimore Rye

Pure, Old, Rich
and Mellow.

It Cheers,
Comforts,
Refreshes,
Strengthens,

and is particularly
recommended to
women because of
its age and excel-
lence.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



On the Links

Note label.
there's nothing so smart in the
way of neck dress as a fold col-
lar and a Keiser-Barathea Tie or
Four-in-Hand.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS -MADE AT KEY WEST-

These Cigars are manufactured under
the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana to-
bacco. If we had to pay the imported
cigar tax our brands would cost double the
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

Chester SUSPENDERS

ARE WORN BY
CAREFUL DRESSERS

They stretch only when you do, and do not lose their stretch as others do. They're hand-
some, durable, sensible, and as comfortable and effective after long wear as when new. The Chester at
80 cents is the best at any price, though we have cheaper models for a quarter. All are GUARANTEED.
CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Deasur Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. Branch Factory, Brockville, Ont.

Pabst beer is always pure

CAUTION.

"Did that man say he wanted to get up an article about me, telling how I attained my present proud position in life?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"He gives that as his errand," answered the private secretary.

"Well, see him again and find out which it is a case of: delicate flattery or blackmail."—*Washington Star*.

CYNICUS decked that the uttermost parts of the earth are those in which woman's suffrage prevails.—*Indianapolis News*.



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GETTING RICH

CITIZEN.—Fifteen dollars charges for mending that little hole in this lead pipe?

PLUMBER.—That's what I said!

CITIZEN.—Goodness! You must be getting pretty near well-enough fixed to give away libraries.

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne should be in every household. It is perfectly pure and naturally fermented.

QUIT.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Swellman. "The baby has eaten a lot of that dog biscuit!"

"Never mind dear," replied Mrs. Swellman; "it just serves Fido right, for he's often stolen the baby's food. Have n't you, Fido? 'Oo naughty little rogue, 'oo!"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

DON'T thank heaven that you have more than others, but that you have more than you deserve.—*Good Cheer*.

AFTER a girl has expressed gratitude, a boy's thanks sound as cold as yesterday morning's pancakes.—*Atchison Globe*.

"AGUINALDO SIGNS" is the heading in an exchange. With whom? The National or American League? Anyway, whichever club signs him will get a good base-runner.—*Norristown Herald*.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

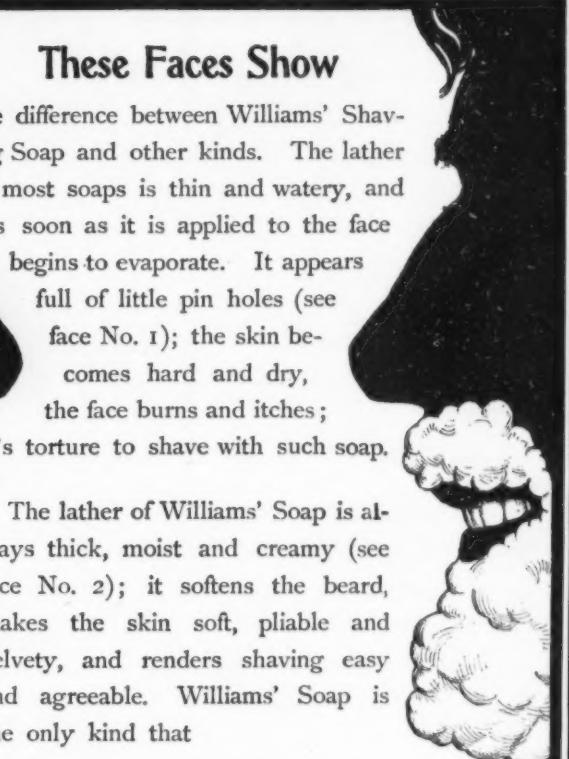
These Faces Show

the difference between Williams' Shaving Soap and other kinds. The lather of most soaps is thin and watery, and as soon as it is applied to the face

begins to evaporate. It appears full of little pin holes (see face No. 1); the skin becomes hard and dry, the face burns and itches; it's torture to shave with such soap.



No. 1



No. 2

The lather of Williams' Soap is always thick, moist and creamy (see face No. 2); it softens the beard, makes the skin soft, pliable and velvety, and renders shaving easy and agreeable. Williams' Soap is the only kind that

"Won't dry on the face."

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.
YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, (Rd. or Sq.) 10c. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.
TRIAL SIZE WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 10c. IN STAMPS.
TRIAL SIZE WILLIAMS' SHAVING TABLET, 2c. IN STAMPS.

LONDON, PARIS, THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

DRESDEN, SYDNEY.

WINNER N.Y.

Archer Manufacturing Co.,

169 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK,
Have now on exhibition
THREE OF THE FINEST BARBER CHAIRS
IN THE WORLD—New design, new
movement, new finish.

Full line of Barbers' Supplies. All the latest novelties—the Shark Hide Razor Strop, Freezerine, Blue Steel Razors, the Rapid Hair Brush and Comb Cleaner, Red Lilac Vegetal, Perfumes, Soaps, Cosmetiques, etc.
Also a large variety of Mirror Cases and Revolving Barber Chairs. Large Stock of Second-hand Barbers' Furniture.

THE RESULT.

"My wife and I tossed up last night to see whether she'd get a new spring bonnet or I'd get a new suit."

"Who won?"

"I did."

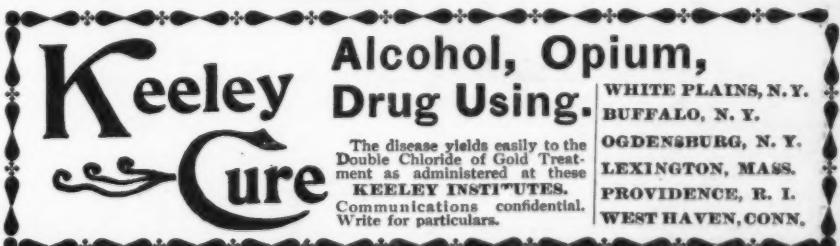
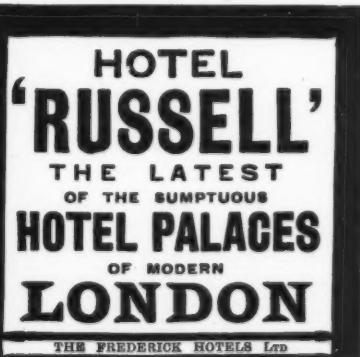
"What kind are you going to get?"

"Well, she has n't decided yet whether to have it trimmed with flowers or feathers."—*Harper's Bazar*.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—One half of the world, you know, don't know how the other half live.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—From which I am to understand that one-half of the world are not the next-door neighbors of the other half.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE limit of realism has just been reached by a writer of sensational dramas, who has a hen swallow a lost will, which turns up in the last act in a hard-boiled egg just in time to foil the villain.—*Indianapolis News*.



America

is fast becoming the wine-making country of the world—

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the only Gold Medal winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition—is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, —— Rhine, N. Y.
Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
52, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street, New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, All kinds of Paper made to order.

CHEW
Beeman's
The
Original
Pepsin
Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

Arnold
Constable & Co.
Carpets.
Country House Furnishings.
Oriental Rugs.
Brussels and Wilton Carpets.
Japanese and Chinese Mattings.
Lace Curtains
Muslin Draperies, Chintzes, Beds and Bedding.
Housekeeping Linens,
Shades and Awnings.
Estimates on application.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

Your scale of wages depends on
your efficiency.
FREE SCHOLARSHIP

The Trustees of the American School of Correspondence will award a limited number of Free Scholarships in Mechanical, Electrical, Marine, Stationary, and Locomotive Engineering, including a complete course in Mechanical Drawing. Application blank on request.
American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.
(Entered by the Committee of Massachusetts.)

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STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers' Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00

JANUARY 1, 1901.	
Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	\$30,861,030.06
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves)	26,317,008.25
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders.	8,549,126.81
SURPLUS.	8,549,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864.	\$42,643,384.92
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900.	2,908,464.08
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life).	1,586,652.20
Life Insurance in Force.	160,019,851.00
GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:	
IN ASSETS.	\$2,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only).	8,645,297.00
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Dept.), (8½% basis)	2,484,392.52
PREMIUMS COLLECTED	6,890,588.55

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Superintendent of Agencies HIRAM J. MESSENGER, Actuary

POVERTY NOT POETRY.

"This little thing," he said, confidently, "I call 'Poetry of Thought.' I want a 'V' for it."

"So you do," replied the editor, after glancing over it; "and you want to put the 'v' between the 'o' and 'e' in 'poetry,' and reverse the 'tr.' Good-day!"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.



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HIS HARDEST TASK.

FRIEND.—What are you working at now?

INVENTOR.—I'm trying to discover how to make some money out of my inventions.

BILLVILLE LITERARY NOTES.

One of our leading authors has just closed a contract with the railroad to dig an artesian well. He will probably make enough money out of it to publish his new novel.

The authors' supper, on Wednesday evening last, was a highly enjoyable affair. There was a 'possum to each poet. All literary matters were laid under the table, with the authors.

Major Williams's "History of the Late War" shows conclusively that all we need in this country is peace and pensions.

The new magazine has died a natural death, but has made all its unpaid contributors honorary pallbearers.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

TIMES are so good that a man with a last year's automobile is liable to get the frosted glare in polite society.—*Washington Post*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

115 Years

of labor, research and improvement are represented in every bottle of

Evans' Ale



It wasn't "trusting to luck" that made its reputation.

REMEMBER that every little while an old reliable family horse runs away.—*Atchison Globe*.

Pozzoni's MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER



YOUR SWEETHEART KNOWS

HOW MUCH BETTER
GUNTHER'S CANDIES
are than ordinary confectionery are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express and afford following prices:
1 lb. box finest selected \$.80 5 lb. box finest selected \$2.25
2 " " " " 1.50 5 " " " 4.00
C. F. GUNTHER,
212A, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

RAE'S LUCCA OLIVE OIL

appreciated
by connoisseurs
for its

DELICATE FLAVOR

(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in some brands of Olive Oil)



Guaranteed
Pure Oil
of Olives
only & &

S. RAE & CO. Estab. 1836
LEGHORN, ITALY





DEAR UNSELFISH DAN.

'Most every one that knew our Dan
Agreed he was the kindest man
They ever see. He had the knack
Of takin' on his own broad back
The burdens an' the slaps and pokes
Belonged by rights to other folks.
If any one was in distress
An' went to Dan, he'd say: "I guess
We'll pull you out all right; let's see.
Suppose you leave all that to me."

Was nothin' finer than the way
He cared for poor old Uncle Jay,
Who was the most unlucky han'
For havin' trouble with his lan'
'Bout taxes, or the early Spring
Plowin', or some other thing
That plumb upset the poor old man.
Then, in the nick o' time, our Dan
Steps in, and says, "Oho!" says he:
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

It got to be that Uncle Jay
He could n't git along no way
Without our Dan, an' our Dan he
Jest cared fur him unselfishly.
An' when the old man come to die
Our Dan, o' course, was right close by.
Says Uncle Jay: "I'm worrit, Dan,
'Bout what's to come of all my lan'
An' all my money out at loan,
An' in the bank, when I am gone."
Then Dan, he ups an' says, says he:
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

—Catholic Standard and Times.

ANOTHER WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

"I suppose you feel the usual regret at not having further improved your opportunities as a student," said the young man just out of college.

"Yes," answered the hollow-chested man with a slight cough. "I kind of wish I had paid less attention to books and more to foot-ball and rowing."—Washington Star.

EXPLAINED.

HODKINSON.—Splitter's automobile is something of a novelty, is it not? It seems to be made in two separate parts.

PERTER.—Oh! You must have seen it since he divided it with a lamp-post.—Harper's Bazar.



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HOW HE HAPPENED TO WIN.

PERCY.—Do you wemembaw that day at the twack when the leading hawse fell down and the next four fell over him?

ALGY.—Deah me, yes! That was the only time I evaw won a bet on a hawse-wace!



EAGLE MARASCHINO CHERRIES

Careful selection of fruit and artistic packing have rendered them superior to all. Their pure fruit taste appeals to everyone.

THEY OWN THE MARKET

Delicious in Ices, Sherbets, and essential in Cocktails. Invariably fresh. Patent glass closure. No metal to taint the contents.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES

RHEINSTROM BROS.,
945-967 Martin Street, or
986-988 East Front Street, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

RED TOP RYE

RED TOP RYE is noted for its delicate bouquet and its exquisite flavor. Connoisseurs esteem it for its warmth and life, and physicians recommend it for its dependable purity.

RED TOP RYE

is aged in wood and is never bottled until it is 10 years' old.

SEND 10 CENTS

in coin or stamps, and we will mail you, postpaid, our handsome

"Red Top Rye Guide"

containing over 100 pages of modern formulas for fine, fancy and mixed drinks.

FERNAND WESTHEIMER & SONS, Distillers,
Advertising Dept., Cincinnati, O. St. Joseph, Mo. Louisville, Ky.



THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

WIGGS.—Just think of the wealth of that multi-millionaire! It would take an ordinary man two thousand five hundred years to earn that much—

WAGGS.—Nonsense! Before he was two hundred years old he'd be commanding one thousand dollars a week in a dime-museum!—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

GOTHAM.—I once bought one of those automatic pianos on the installment plan.

CHURCH.—Went itself, did it?

GOTHAM.—No;—the sheriff came and took it the second week I had it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

HAVE some individuality. Don't be a human ditto-mark.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

VARTRAY
Ginger Ale

Received highest recognition at the Paris Exposition of 1900. The exhibitors numbered 611 and included the manufacturers of Belfast, Ireland.

VARTRAY
Is Better Than Imported.

MADE BY—
THE VARTRAY WATER COMPANY
Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A.

ON SALE AT CLUBS, HOTELS, CAFES, DRUGSTORES

"Standard of Highest Merit"
FISCHER
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"The embodiment of tone and art."
33 UNION SQUARE—WEST.
Between 18th and 17th Streets, New York.

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BOSTON GARTER
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ALWAYS EASY
The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.
The *Velvet Grip*
CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.
BOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sample pair, Silk 50¢.
Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

AROMATIC DELICACY,
MILDNESS AND PURITY.

Milo
CIGARETTES

A BLEND OF THE FINEST EGYPTIAN TOBACCO.
SURBRUG 204 Broadway, N. Y. Agent.

A PRACTICAL LITTLE WIFE.

NEIGHBOR.—You've got a lovely bedroom now with this new carpet. Just put it down, did n't you?

HOSTESS.—Yes; just through.

NEIGHBOR.—I thought so, from the tacks scattered around the floor. You ought to pick them up before night, or your husband will be stepping on them.

HOSTESS.—No; let them stay. My husband is a newspaper humorist, and every time he steps on one he'll think of some new joke about it. I hope he'll make enough out of them to pay for the carpet.—*New York Weekly*.

A MISANTHROPIC PROTEST.

They sing of Spring, these poet-men! Their foolishness amazes!

A little breath of May—and then 'T is June! And hot as blazes!

—*Washington Star*.

A PALPABLE ERROR.

"Victor Hugo said that to reform a man you must begin with his grandmother."

"Nonsense; he meant his grandfather."—*Detroit Free Press*.



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HOW IT LOOKED.

FARMER GREENE.—What's ole man Perkins's son studying fer to be, at college?

FARMER AXLEGREESE.—A missionary, I guess! He keeps touching the ole man up fer "indemnity" every week or two.

CORNER a woman and she will say, "Oh! these men!"—*Atchison Globe*.

As an appetizer and general tonic, mix quarter wine-glass Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters, fill with iced-water, add teaspoonful sugar.

CHEERFULNESS is a good substitute for most other medicines.—*Good Cheer*.

DETERMINATION.

"It's the only toime on earth," said Mr. Dolan, who was struggling with a balky horse, "that I wisht for an otty-mobile."

"Would yez sell the horse?"

"No, sir. I'd never give in like that. I'd hitch the animal up in front to the machine, an' then I'd see whether he'd go or not."—*Washington Star*.

As Clean as
Home-made
Bread
SEN-SEN
GUM

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pain till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO. Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

"Is every hair in your head numbered, grandpa?"

"Yes; my child."

"Well, grandpa," said the little fellow, as he contemplated the great bald spot, "you have n't got much of a head for figures."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

IF a man won't pay up, the only thing to do is to require him to pay down.—*Indianapolis News*.

In the Pay Envelope

That's where our education affects you.

We teach mechanics the theory of their work; help misplaced people to change their work; enable young people to support themselves while learning a profession.

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THE exercise and pleasure derived from
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AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,
HARTFORD. NEW YORK. LONDON.

HIS DOUBLE DEMISE.

"Wull! Wull!" ejaculated McLuberty, in the midst of his perusal of a newspaper which he had carelessly picked up. "Bedad! Poor Duffy is dead agin! An' ut sames to hov happened in the same way as ut did prayously—he has been blown up by a prematoor blast. Oi shud hov t'ought that wance wud hov been enough to satisfy him; but thin he always was wan av them fellers thot niver know dher own moind."

"Phwat are yez tarkin' about?" asked Mrs. McLuberty, in some surprise. "Duffy dead again? Is ut crazy ye are?"

"No; Oi do be r'adin' ut roight here in the pappy, an'—"

"Lave me look at that dockymint! Phwy, yez blunderhead, this is a two-year-ould pappy that Oi laid out to spread on the shiff!"

"Is that so? Wull, ut relaves me moind. I was sorry to t'ink av such bad luck happenin' to poor Duffy."—*Harper's Bazar*.

ONE reason the very young think they have a great many friends is that they never need any.—*Atchison Globe*.

"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO"

Are the words of an old song. They come into great play in 1901, for the whole world is singing them, and of course the whole world will travel by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

as they reach Buffalo from every direction. These Lines are the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Big Four, Pittsburg & Lake Erie and Lake Erie & Western Railways.

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"EFF-EFF" Clothing,
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SUITS AND SPRING OVERCOATS
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about correct dress for all occasions,
FREE—write for it.

THE FECHHEIMER-FISHEL CO.,
750 BROADWAY,
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"ONE to-day is worth two to-morrows"
and several yesterdays.—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

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Linen-Mesh Underwear

absorbs the perspiration quickly
and carries it off instantly. It
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refreshing comfort to the skin,
even during sultry days of sum-
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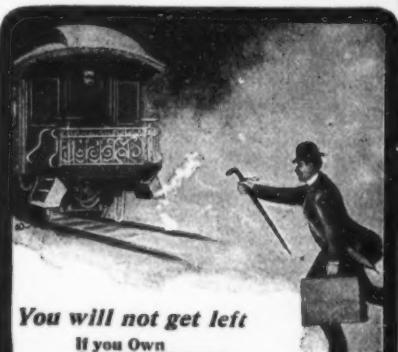
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POOR marrying sense runs in some families,
the same as cross-eyes.—*Atchison Globe*.



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LOOK FOR THE NAME "DUEBER" IN CASE
"John Hancock" 21 Jewels. For Gentlemen.
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THE "HAS BEENS."

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
beyond the bliss of dreams."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
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AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
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ESTABLISHED 1793.

NEEDED FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

PRISON WARDEN.—It's just been found out that you did n't commit that crime you've been in for all these years, and so the Governor has pardoned you.

INNOCENT MAN.—U'm! I'm pardoned, am I?

PRISON WARDEN.—Y-e-s; but don't go yet. I'll have to telegraph for further instructions.

INNOCENT MAN.—What about?

PRISON WARDEN.—Seems to me that, considerin' you had n't any business here, you ought to pay the State for your board.—*New York Weekly*.

"PROGRESS" is the world's great policeman, forever telling it to "move on."—*L. A. W. Bulletin*.

"JOHNNY," you must never interrupt any one when they are speaking."

"Well, I'll have to when I'm married, like you, Papa, won't I?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Sarah Bernhardt

The great French Actress and woman, is so pleased with the delicate bouquet and flavor of

Gold Seal
America's Best
CHAMPAGNE

that she wrote to a friend:

"I find the Urbana Wine Co.'s Gold Seal Champagne excellent, in fact equal to many French Champagnes. It surprises me that such a fine wine can be produced in America."



Sarah Bernhardt

NEW YORK, April 7, 1901.

GOLD SEAL is served in every first-class cafe and club, and sold everywhere at half the price of French wine.

URBANA WINE CO., Urbana, N. Y., Sole Makers.

HARD LUCK.

MAMA.—For goodness' sake, Tommy, what are you growling about?

TOMMY.—Why, that nickel I lost, that's what.

MAMA.—But your Uncle John gave you another one for it.

TOMMY.—I know; but if I had n't lost the first one I'd have two now.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

ONE HUNDRED moose are to be turned loose in the Adirondacks. This means an extra amount of dodging for the guides next Fall.—*Washington Post*.

WHEN a girl's nose gets red when she cries, and she does n't care who sees it, that settles it;—her grief is sincere.—*Atchison Globe*.

BENEDICT.—I tell you what it is, old man, I would n't take a hundred thousand dollars for this baby.

BACHELOR.—Well, I don't suppose you'll ever be tempted.—*Indianapolis News*.



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HE SEES A NEW LIGHT.

THE FARMER.—By gum! I'm beginnin' to think we *do* need good roads!

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Made of aluminum and covered with the finest seal grain leather, the Folding Pocket Kodaks are as rich and dainty as a lady's purse, and are hardly heavier, yet they withstand the rough usage of travel and changes of climate far better than any heavy camera.

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